

Where Has Larry Goney
He Larry he's darsayed me! I'm wapi'
since the day he went;
He he's gone aw'ay, aw'ay, an' it's no wan
knows the way he went;
I'm but a lone grass w'ildly now; me hapless
by's done aw'ay
Wid' Larry he's darsayed me, the bond, de-
vils run aw'ay!

He tuk 'is wagon an' 'is mules an' 'is dray
around 'is meadow;
To fetch a load of dynamite was the
powder-hull beyant;
An' 'ere he's all the havin' found—he'd tuk
a load aw' d'art aw'ay;
Far nearly half the hill he's gone; a mighty
happ' he cut aw'ay.

An' why he did it I dunno; bodad, 'twas
noddin' 'is meadow;
He loikeky tuk the d'art aw'ay just for a bit
an' 'is dynamite;
Me Larry he's darsayed me! I'm wapi'
since the day he went;
He he's gone aw'ay, aw'ay, an' it's no wan
knows the way he went!

NANNY'S LOVE STORY.

Nanny Nixon burst into tears. Tears with Nanny Nixon meant something. She was not the type of girl that cried at everything—a wilted rosebud, a pathetic noem or a fine tragic last chapter of a paper-covered novel. Life had been too much sober earnest for her to indulge in any such sentimental luxury.

Up to her seventeenth year she had toiled hard for her daily bread, working in the button-factory all day, and doing Uncle Joshua's housework of nights and mornings.

Uncle Joshua took her very much as a matter of course. Girls were born to make themselves useful—that was his opinion. He saw no particular hardship in her rising at three o'clock to get the Monday's washing out on the lines before she went to her work; nor in staying up until eleven o'clock Tuesday night to iron his shirts, and do up the two table-cloths and the four napkins. Did he not give her a home? Who would have taken her in when she was a lean, sharp-faced little orphan, if it had not been for him?

But to-day, when he found toms in his best Sunday suit, the floodgates of his wrath were opened, and he scolded Nanny until she took refuge in tears.

"I'd like to know," said Uncle Joshua, "if this is what you call good housekeeping? I'd like to know what I keep you here and lodge you for, if this 'ere's the way my things is goin' to rack and ruin? Moths in my best clothes, as 'I've had for nine years, come next October! In my clothes, as I told you to beat and bang out in the sun once a week, till the warm weather was over!"

"I'm very sorry, uncle," said Nanny, drooping down like a daisy under the mower's scythe. "I did forget it last week. Oh, uncle, I'm so sorry! Please let me take them now; I'll mend the place so it will never be seen, and air the clothes thoroughly—I will, indeed!"

But Uncle Joshua shook his head.

"I can't trust you," said he sepulchrally. "I hain't no more confidence in you, Nanny. I guess I'll write to my cousin, Widow Leaman, to come down here and keep house for me. Her son's going to get married, and she'll be glad of a good home."

Poor little Nanny recoiled at the dreadful hint. Cheerless as the old Woodburn farmhouse was, it had still been home to her.

She was crying very pitifully as she picked over the basket of plaited greens by the well, when Mark Danforth came thither for a pail of water. He was the young engineer at the factory, and the Woodburn well was the coldest and clearest for half a mile round.

"Hallo!" said Mark. "What's the matter, Nanny? Have you hurt yourself?"

"No, no," faltered Nanny, half ashamed of her tears, and quite ashamed of her occasion. "But Uncle Joshua isn't pleased with me."

"Been scolding you—eh?" said Mark, pouring his pail on the well-curb, and regarding the pretty drooping little creature with compassionate eyes.

"Yes, yes, Uncle Joshua—"

Mark Danforth sat down the pail.

"Hanc Uncle Joshua?" said he.

"Oh, Mr. Danforth!"

"Well, I mean it," protested Mark. "He's no business to make you cry. He's going to get the Widow Leaman to come and keep house for him," faltered Nanny. "He hasn't any more confidence in me."

Mark Danforth took the basket of plaited-greens out of her hand, and seated himself beside her.

"Nanny," said he, "I've got confidence in you. If Mrs. Leaman comes to keep house for me, suppose you come and keep house for me? I've wanted to ask you to marry me for a long time. Will you, Nanny? You don't know what a good husband I'll be to you!"

Nanny looked up with startled face. She was only seventeen. Her first instinct was to run away and hide, her second to put her hand into Mark Danforth's and say:

"Yes."

In the meantime, however, old Mr. Woodburn had brushed and beaten his Sunday clothes until it was a marvel that the seams did not part company, and started to hang them out of the south garret-window, muttering crossly to himself as he did so. And Mrs. Bigsbee, joggling down the road with a chaise well loaded with butter, eggs, and dressed poultry chanced to look up.

"Good heavens!" cried she, dropping her whip in horror and amazement, "if Joshua Woodburn hain't gone and hanged himself! And Nanny at the mill! I'd better go for Squire Notting right off."

And in half an hour the neighborhood was aroused. Squire Notting lifted his dinner half-eaten, and went for Dr. Hedges at once.

"If anything's happened," said he, "the coroner is the person to have on the premises."

Mrs. Bigsbee tied her horse under the shadow of the nearest elm-tree.

"Tain't in human nature to hang on a sellin' eggs and chickens, when a man as you've sat next to in meetin' for thirty-odd years is a hangin' out of a window, dead."

Mrs. Holly sent a boy off to tell the Widow Leaman, who was Mr. Woodburn's cousin, once removed, and had "expectations" from him.

"Much property—hey?" said Dr. Hedges.

"Well, pretty considerable," answered Squire Notting. "He was always pretty close-fisted. Never put nothin' of any consequence in the church-plate. Well, well, we must all die. And so he hung himself! Last man in the world I should have thought it of."

The little knot of solicitous neigh-

hors advanced, whispering, along the sunny stretch of road. A child, picking blackberries under the stone wall, stared at them as they went by; the mowers in the meadow swung their gleaming scythes to and fro in the noon light.

"In the midst of life we are in death," sonorously spoke Squire Notting, as he drew out his big yellow pocket-handkerchief, and flourished it like a signal-banner. "We—Ho! hullo! Bless my soul, if it ain't Neighbor Woodburn himself! And he ain't hanged himself, after all!"

For in the midst of it all, a little wicket-gate that led into the vegetable-garden had swung deliberately open, and Joshua Woodburn, carrying a bundle of withered pea-vines in his hand, came leisurely forward, as alive as possible!

Mrs. Bigsbee uttered a screech; Dr. Hedges stood still; the squire rubbed his eyes, and tried in vain to think of a Scriptural quotation appropriate to the occasion.

"Mornin', neighbors—mornin'," said old Joshua. "Pretty to'able hot, ain't it, for this time o' year?"

The neighbors slunk by, feeling as if they had been detected in some crime. Not until they were well past the house did Dr. Hedges turn reproachfully to Mrs. Bigsbee.

"You told us he'd committed suicide?" snarled he.

"Well, look for yourself," pleaded poor Mrs. Bigsbee. "Ef that ain't a man hangin' outin the garret winder then I'm mistaken."

"A man, indeed!" savagely uttered Squire Notting. "It's a suit o' black clothes, that's what it is! And here you've been and raised the neighborhood about nothin'! I'm astonished at you, Mrs. Bigsbee!"

"Mrs. Bigsbee went away in great wrath and indignation.

"Any one's liable to be mistook," said she. "And Squire Notting's no gentleman to speak that way to a lady."

Nanny was getting supper ready that evening, and Uncle Joshua was standing on a chair in the buttery, putting some particularly fine Cochinchina eggs into an especial basket to send to market on the next morning's carrier-cart, when the door flew open as if a cannon had exploded on the other side of it, and the Widow Leaman bounced breathlessly into the room, with her rusted trap rail flying behind her like a meteor, and a perceptible odor of peppermint accompanying her footsteps.

"Well," said she, "so the mean old miser's gone at last!"

Nanny looked up from the bowl of currants she was stemming.

"Who do you mean?" said she.

"Why, Joshua, of course!"

Mrs. Leaman had seated herself on the nearest chair, untied her bonnet-strings, and was now fanning herself with her pocket-handkerchief.

"Gone! Where?" said Nanny.

"He's dead, ain't he?" said Mrs. Leaman.

"Me!" uttered a bass voice from the buttery, as Uncle Joshua carefully descended from the chair, and walked into his cousin's presence. "Dead? Not much, I reckon! What was that you called me, a mean old miser, eh? Well, there's nothin' like speakin' the plain truth, Cousin Leaman!"

Mrs. Leaman turned as many colors as the proverbial dying dolphin.

"She gave a little gasp.

"I never got such a turn in my life," said she bluntly. "They told me you'd been and gone and hung yourself, Cousin Joshua."

"Me!" said the old man; "hung myself. Be I a likely subject for that sort o' thing?"

Nanny began to laugh—a soft rippling little laugh, that seemed to bubble out of the very fullness of her heart.

"I heard the same thing," said she, "at the factory, Uncle Joshua. It seems old Mrs. Bigsbee saw your best suit hangin' out of the garret-window to air, and—she thought that it was you."

Uncle Joshua burst out laughing too. He could not help it.

"Not yet, anyhow," said he. "The mean old miser's too sensible for that. You ain't goin', Cousin Leaman? Won't ye sit down and take a bite of supper with us? Do."

But the Widow Leaman excused herself.

"I guess, Nanny," said the old man, when she and her crape veil had her pervading odor of peppermint had been consoling off 'till change my mind about having Luella Leaman here. I guess you'll do very well for a housekeeper, if you'll be a little more careful about my best suit of clothes and the moths."

"Thank you, Uncle Joshua," said Nanny, resigning like a rose; "but— I've got a situation somewhere else as housekeeper."

"Eh?" said Uncle Joshua, peering over the rim of his spectacles of gold.

"I'm going to marry Mark Danforth," said the little maid with down-cast eyes.

Uncle Joshua was silent for a second or two.

Then he took his niece's face between his two hands and kissed it.

"I'm glad on't," said he, "even though I shall miss you. It's a grand thing for a girl to get a good husband, and to go to Millville and pick out a wedding-gown, an' hev it charged to my account. And don't spare no expense, because you've deserved it."

And of all the girls in Millville little Nanny was the happiest that night.

MISSING LINKS.

Thoroughbred St. Bernard dogs sell at from \$250 to \$1,000 each.

Arizona has 701 miles of irrigating canals that furnish water to 300,000 acres.

A. B. Hendry, 14 years old, is principal of the public schools at Antioch, Monroecounty, Va.

Miss Mary Garrett of Baltimore has a bath in her home lined with Mexican oyx that cost \$60,000.

A Mexican millionaire named Terry now owns the fastest trotting horses in Paris, and promiscades them daily.

Mr. C. P. Huntington began life as a tin-peddler, and while he still has a large quantity of tin he does not peddle it.

In Russia, which is the great horse country of Europe, they never put binders on a horse, and a shying horse is almost unheard of.

Mrs. Stanley has revived the long dress fashion among ladies of wearing the hair in a simple roll at the back, and many following her example, have adopted it.

Capt. William Parrish, who was pilot of the Confederate ironclad Merrimack at the time of the battle with the Monitor and the frigates Cumberland and Congress in Hampton Roads, died the other day in Richmond, Va.

Gen. Merritt declares that Sitting Bull is the rankest coward that ever bedaubed his ugly face with paint. He is a villainous old rascal, but as a warrior he is no good at all. He is known at home as the "squam man with much talk."

Mr. Elliott of the Smithsonian Institution thinks that seven years' inactivity in sea fishing is the only thing that will save the seal from extermination. If the seal were caught some rare specimen of fashion for awhile the same end would be attained.

Representative Latham, reelected from the Eleventh Congressional District of Texas—probably the largest in the country—represents ninety-seven counties that are said to exceed in area ten States. One of the counties in his district is 1,000 miles by rail from his home.

Gen. John R. Brooke, in command of the Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota, is a native of Puttstown, Pa. He is over six feet in height and robust proportions, and during the late rebellion won distinction on the battlefield and was several times badly wounded.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Moses of Cape Elizabeth, Me., celebrated recently the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding. Mr. Moses is the last of eleven children, is 95 years of age, and is hale and hearty. His wife is 88 years old and is also remarkably well and active for one of her years.

Gen. Lord Welsely, who shares with Gen. Sir Frederick Roberts the honor of being England's greatest living General, was on Longstreet's staff in the Rebel army, just as the Comte de Paris was on McClellan's. Tom Ochiltree is the authority for this story, and of course it is true.

The latest fad of girls is a friendship case. It is hung in the parlor, and is ornamented with half yard strips of ribbon of various colors, each piece containing a color, and this girl practices this fad is under obligations to remember the particular piece of ribbon contributed by each friend.

Senator Everts said to a reporter the other day: "I think now that, if I were standing where I was fifty-three years ago and journalism was what it is now, I should choose as the business of my life that of a journalist. I can see in it greater possibilities than are embraced in other professions."

ONE SHOT WAS ENOUGH

It was a splendid shot. A sharp crack of a rifle and then to my joy I saw the quarry lying on its stomach, tearing up the ground around in its impotent rage and growling as only a tiger can. There was no necessity for a second shot, for as we scrambled to the top of the rock that had concealed us the royal brute rolled over on its mouth made assurance doubly sure.

FOOLING THE CAM'RA.

Some of our girls are learning how to be photographed beautifully and trickily. "Have you ever observed and wondered," said one of the most celebrated of the camera men, "how well the actresses manage to look when the eye of the camera is focused on them? Well, I can tell you how to do as well as they do. First, choose an artistic photographer. No matter how much you know about what you want and what to wear, there are matters of view, and light and shade, for which you will not be able to advise your how to make up your face and will probably object sweepingly to any such device. That is where he is mistaken. If he were wise he would know how to pose a girl, and then with a bit of white and a bit of black chalk make her lovely for that view. Several of the New York photographers do this now. The stock pose, into which photographers, on general principles, put victims over whom they don't intend to take any pictures, which is an abbreviation to most faces. There is small chance for expression; the eye gets no show at all, and the contour of the cheek, which is seldom beautiful, except in children, is betrayed. You will find they have a rooted objection to full-face positions. I have never been able to discover why. There is a tendency to raise one eyebrow higher than the other, or look cross-eyed; but it is his business to look out for that, and stop you if your features begin to wander around your face.

"Now, in painting a face for photography the eyes can safely be made up a great deal. Put black under the eye, only don't let it be just one heavy black line. Shadow it out softly. Blacken the lashes as much as they will stand, only don't let them be lumpy. Increase the apparent length and sweep of the upper lid, by which the size of the eye is judged, with a blue continuing the line of the lashes, and a parallel one continuing the line of the crease that shows just above when the eye is open. Draw these only as long as can be done without their showing as lines. An actress obtained a clever picture, in which the effect of very long lashes is given by lines, presumably shadows thrown by the eyelids, painted above the eye, just under the eyebrows. Use red very carefully. Your lips probably need painting, but do it with improvement upon the "new" shade. Do it softly, and with very faint red. Red takes black. Look carefully and you will trace a hard line about the lips of many actresses' photographs. Sometimes you don't need to look carefully. If you want a dimple to show specially, you can heighten its light and shade a little; but unless your photographer poses you so that the device does not betray itself the effect will be a failure. Having thus accentuated your face, do not forget the arrangement of a smile, or smirk, or any other grimace of expression when the lens is opened on you. Otherwise, art and nature will make a hopeless mess of your features. But if you have planned an expression in harmony with the makeup, save it till the last moment. The operator is bound to grip the back of your neck with his monkey wrench, and if you hang on to your joyful smile all through that ordeal you will get something to smile and will tend to send to your friends."—N. Y. Sun.

A Kentucky Minister of the Olden Time.

A tall, thin man, with silky pale brown hair, worn long and put back behind his high top of the weight, and thus took on the most remarkable air of paying incessant attention to everybody and everything; set far out in front of these ears, as though it did not wish to be disturbed by what was heard, a white, wind-splitting face, calm, beardless, and seeming never to have been cold, or to have dropped the kindly dew of perspiration; under the serene peak of his forehead a pair of eyes, bright and dreamy, being habitually turned inward upon a mind tolling with hard abstractions; having within him a conscience burning always like a planet; a bachelor—being a logician; therefore sweet-tempered, never having sipped the sour cup of experience; gazing covertly at womankind from behind the delicate veil of unfamiliarity that lends enchantment; being a bachelor and a logician, therefore already old at forty; and a little run down in his toils, a little frayed out at the elbows and the knees, a little seamy along the back, a little deficient at the heels; in pocket poor always, and always the poorer because of a spendthrift habit in the matter of secret charities; kneeling down by his small hard bed every morning and praying that during the day his logical faculty might discharge its function morally, and that his moral faculty might discharge its function logically; and that over all the operations of all his other faculties he might find heavenly grace to exercise both a logical and a moral control; at night kneeling down again to ask forgiveness that, despite his prayer of the morning, one or more of these same faculties—be he knew and called them all familiarly by name, being a metaphysician—had gone wrong in a manner the most abnormal, shameless, and unforeseen; thus on the whole, a man shy and dry, gentle, lovable, timid, resolute, forgetful, remorseful, eccentric, impulsive, thinking too well of every human creature but himself; an illogical logician, an erring moralist, a wool-gathering philosopher, but, humanly speaking, almost a perfect man.—James Lane Allen, in Harper's Magazine.

Gethsemane's Garden.

It is said that a wealthy gentleman of Liverpool has purchased the Garden of Gethsemane, near Jerusalem, in which the Savior passed the night before his crucifixion. The purchase was made in order to prevent speculators from carrying out their schemes of building on the sacred grounds a hotel for the accommodation of visitors and tourists in the Holy Land.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Love is a species of intoxication that swells the heart instead of the head.—Boston Courier.

A saloon is like a harbor—most of the wrecks are to be found outside the bar.—Terre Haute Express.

Resolutions are like messenger boys. They are the easiest thing imaginable to pass.—Boston Transcript.

Contributor—"How much ought I to get for that poem?" Editor—"You ought to get about fifteen years."—Puck.

"When I drink much I can't work, and so I let it alone." "The drinking?" "No, the working."—Fliegende Blätter.

Mrs. Fangle—"This Russian influenza is very contagious, is it not?" Fangle—"Yes, even a detective could catch it."—Life.

The lawyers in the case are like a pair of shears. They never cut themselves, but what is between.—Lawrence American.

Brown—"Does your wife keep her temper very well?" Jones—"Un-er—some; but I get the most of it."—Boston Gazette.

The reason why it hurts to have a tooth pulled is supposed to be that you can't bite your lips at the time.—Fliegende Blätter.

When we see a young father wheeling his first baby in the street we obtain a realizing sense of the joys of a carriage and pere.—Puck.

Irato Housewife—"You're always breaking something." Servant—"Sure but I ain't tried it on your record for fault finding."—Rome Sentinel.

Bronson—"See here, Cadley, did you tell Smithers I was the meanest white man that ever lived?" Cadley—"No, I didn't draw the color line."—N. Y. Sun.

The poet says that "Tis love which makes the world go round." It also makes the young man "go around" quite frequently Sunday nights.—Tulsa Commercial.

"What is your idea of a gentleman, Yellow?" "A true gentleman at Yellow laughs at the joke of a story and never says that he heard it before."—Boston Courier.

Ho—"What did your father say when you told him that we were engaged?" She—"Oh, Augustus, you must not ask me to repeat such language!"—Boston Budget.

A clever man has invented a system of reading music by the blind. How delightful! Now they can feel the eloquence of Wagner's music without having to hear it.—Life.

Wickwire—"What is the reason Mudge does not speak to you any more? Have you offended him in any way?" Katsley—"Yes. I claimed that he had nothing but a common cold."—Terre Haute Express.

Jones—"I never saw anything go like the sugar in this house. Four pounds in six weeks! It's awful! How do you account for it?" Mrs. Jones—"I don't know unless the grocer puts quicksand in it."—Binghamton Leader.

Severe Adorer (about to enter the ministry)—"I trust you find a great deal of comfort in thinking of Scriptures verses." Interesting Invalid—"Yes, indeed! That text, 'Irish and bear it does me a heap of good.'"—Life.

"By thunder, old fellow, what has happened to you that you smile so all the time? What is it so good?" "O, nothing at all, but you see one never knows nowadays but somebody may be photographing him."—Fliegende Blätter.

"I observe with regret, George," said George's father, "that you are still at the foot of your class. Is there no prospect of your doing better?" "O, yes, father; I expect to be second or third in the next class below next term."—N. Y. Sun.

Do you know what a fashion Miss Gnavel has of quoting proverbs at all times?" "Yes." "Well, last night as I remarked about midnight that I must go, she looked at the clock and murmured, 'Better late than never.'"—N. Y. Herald.

Primus—"How did Fergus do at the speaking?" Secundus—"Well, sir, when Fergus's time came there was round after round of applause." Primus—"Good! I must congratulate him on his success." Secundus—"And when he finished you could have heard a pin drop."—Harper's Bazar.

Young Wife (who has just caught sight of her husband's face in the mirror)—"Why, dear, what's the matter?" Husband (savagely)—"I can't get the combination of this blasted four-hand tie." Wife (sweetly)—"Well, be careful not to look round this way, dear; I'm feeding the baby its milk."

After the railroad accident, Husband (extricating himself from the wreck)—"Emily, thank God you are safe! Heavens! isn't this awful!" Wife—"Dreadful! Hear the poor people groan! Dear God!" Husband—"What is it, love?" Wife—"Is my hat on straight?"—Durlington Free Press.

Smith—"That was a very interesting lecture of yours on the Catscombs. Did you write it while you were in Rome, or after you returned home?" Speaker—"O, no, I wrote it before I went. Wanted to get it off my mind, you know, so that when I got abroad I'd have nothing to do but enjoy myself."—Boston Transcript.

The parties who undertook to show the Pan-American delegates the industries of the United States do not seem to have understood their business. The greatest of all American industries was overlooked. The visitors were not taken to see a base-ball match.—Norristown Herald.

Mrs. Fangle—"Did you see Dr. Big-pill last night, dear?" Fangle (absent mindedly)—"Yes, I saw him and went him several bet—ter, I mean, I saw him for a moment only, and I forgot to tell him to call and prescribe for you. I'll telephone to him as soon as I got to the office."—Epoch.

From a Philosopher's Note Book: "One should never marry, because first, if the woman is plain she will form too disagreeable an object of daily contemplation for one's self; while, second, if she is good looking she will prove too irresistible an attraction to other people."—Judge.

New Diving Dress.

A new diving dress has been adopted by the French navy. It contains but three pieces—helmet, corollette, and body. The helmet is fitted with an incandescent lamp, inclined forward at an angle which enables the diver to derive the fullest advantage from it and fitted with protector and mirror.

INVENTIONS OF BROOKLYN MEN.

New Type, Sewing Machine and an Electrical Socket-Smoothing Nozzle.

I met a Brooklyn man here in New York the other day who has invented a clever arrangement for setting type, which, he thinks, will revolutionize the whole business, says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle. It's a very simple-looking little machine, something like a typewriter, or at least the keyboard is the same. When the compositor strikes a lettered key it throws up into line a matrix which remains in place, the next key struck places the next form, and so on, until a line of type is formed, and when a line of type is formed, and the second line formed and so on, the work requiring about one-half the ordinary time consumed in such matters, and the result being that the type is always fresh and can not be piled, as each line is a solid block. As soon as the stereotype is made the type goes back into the melting pot and is ready for use again. The N. Y. Tribune and the London Times have for a year or more been employing the new type, but the machine is a laborious and clumsy affair, and the Brooklyn man thinks he has improved on it as much as the second order of sewing-machines improved on the old "corn-shellers" that Howe first put upon the market when it was first invented to save woman stitches, but which required about two-horse power to work. The inventor claims he can make these machines and sell them for \$300, and that they will do the work of three men. He is a very enthusiastic inventor, and thinks his machine will create dismay in the typographical unions. After a while there will be nothing more for men to do; machinery will do it all.

There is another Brooklyn man who spends the great part of his days in New York, who is also an inventor. He is rich and belongs to well-known society people, but likes to dabble in electrical matters for his own amusement. His latest device is an electrical nose, which, when it smells a very great deal of smoke turns in a fire alarm. That sounds like a joke, but it is an actual electrical fact. The diagram of the machine is so treated that the action of smoke upon it causes it to move and set an alarm-bell ringing, and this effect, increased, connects with a fire alarm. It is curious to see the model, which is set up here in the owner's office, when the inventor puffs a mouthful of smoke from his cigar upon it. The smell rings wildly, and if he blows it away, and if it smells a very great deal of smoke turns in a fire alarm. That sounds like a joke, but it is an actual electrical fact. 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